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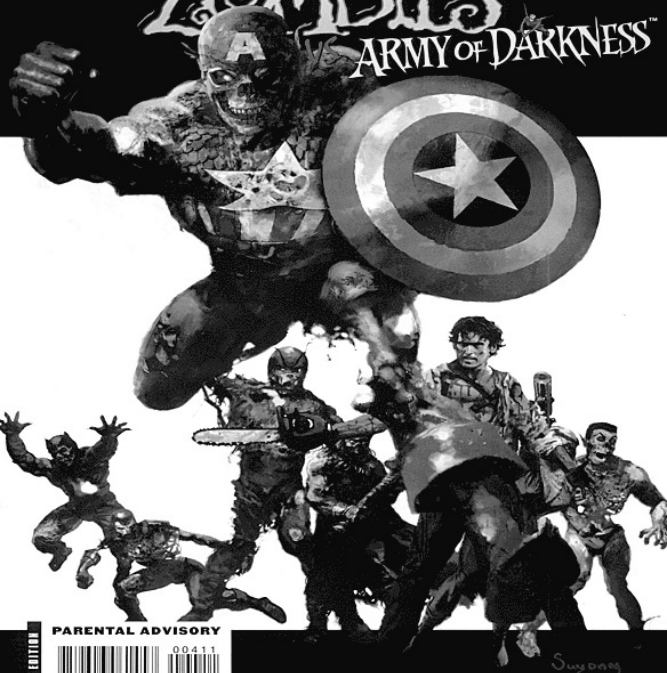
MARVEL
LIMITED SERIES

4 of 5

DYNAMITE
PUBLISHED BY DYNAMITE ENTERTAINMENT

MARVEL ZOMBIES

VS ARMY OF DARKNESS™



PARENTAL ADVISORY



\$2.99 US \$3.75 CAN

DIRECT EDITION

Swy 0109

PREVIOUSLY



MEET ASHLEY J. WILLIAMS—RETAIL CLERK TURNED DIMENSION-HOPPING ADVENTURER AND HERO. ASH SPENDS MOST OF HIS TIME FIGHTING A VERITABLE ARMY OF DARKNESS COMPOSED OF THE TERRIFYING CREATURES KNOWN AS DEADITES, UNDER THE FOUL COMMAND OF THE NECRONOMICON (THE BOOK OF THE DEAD), BUT THE LAST THING ASH REMEMBERS NOW IS BEING DEAD HIMSELF—AND IN WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN HEAVEN—CONFRONTING A HORRIFIC, ZOMBIFIED CREATURE IN YELLOW TIGHTS...THAT PUNCHED HIM INTO A DIFFERENT UNIVERSE.



UPON LANDING IN THIS WORLD, ASH LEARNS THAT LOTS OF PEOPLE HERE WEAR TIGHTS...AND HAVE SUPER POWERS...AND FIGHT CRIME...IT'S BASICALLY A WORLD OF BIZARRE MARVELS. THAT IS, UNTIL THE GUY IN THE YELLOW TIGHTS SHOWS UP, ALL UNDEAD, AND STARTS BITING THE OTHER GUYS IN TIGHTS AND TURNING THEM INTO ZOMBIES. AFTER RUNNING INTO A FEW UNINFECTED HEROES, ASH SEES FIRSTHAND HOW CRAZY THIS WORLD WAS BEFORE THERE WERE ANY ZOMBIES.



JUST WHEN HE'S ABOUT TO GIVE UP HOPE OF FINDING HELP, HE RUNS INTO A PAIR OF HEROINES NAMED DAZZLER AND THE SCALET WITCH. ASH TELLS THEM THAT TO SAVE THIS WORLD, HE MUST FIRST FIND THE NECRONOMICON, AFTER A FEW, ER, DEAD ENDS, THE TRIO TRAVELS TO LATVERIA—THE HOME OF THE DEADLY DOCTOR DOOM—SEARCHING FOR THE BOOK...AND HOPING TO STAY ONE STEP AHEAD OF THE VIRUS. BUT NO SUCH LUCK, FOR ASH IS WITNESSING THE DAWN...

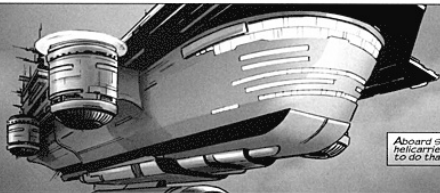


...OF THE **MARVEL ZOMBIES!**

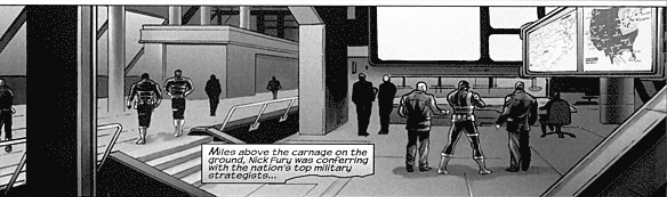
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The truth is, in the early hours of the infection, it could have been contained.



Aboard S.H.I.E.L.D.'s command helicopter, there were plans to do that very thing.



Miles above the carnage on the ground, Nick Fury was conferring with the nation's top military strategists...



...determining exactly what losses were acceptable.



As it was in another universe very similar to this, a dire situation was turned into a world-threatening calamity, and it all could be traced to one person.

Help!
Please...
somebody
help!

A young woman by the name of Wanda Maximoff, codenamed Scarlet Witch.



All my
friends...
everybody...
dead.



In this world, just as in that different, parallel world, Maximoff's defense was the same.

Don't
worry, sister.
I have you.



She wasn't
herself.

SUCKER!

From there, things
deteriorated with
astounding speed.

Before S.H.I.E.L.D. could
make a preemptive strike--

--the contagion
spread.



Faster.

And further.

Over oceans.
Beyond borders.

In no time it had reached Britain.



Russia.



Japan.



The Savage Land.



Latveria.

Miss Maximoff,
kindly inform your
associate that I am the
absolute monarch and
lord of Latveria, and if he
addresses me again as
"Yo, Threepio," "Hey, Tin Man,"
or "Pomo arigato, Mister
Roboto," I will remove
his head from his
body.

MARVEL COMICS PRESENTS A DYNAMITE ENTERTAINMENT PRODUCTION
MARVEL ZOMBIES VS. THE ARMY OF DARKNESS
PART 4 OF 5: **THE BOOK OF DOOMS**

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Now, let us try this again... perhaps you can find a more suitable *honorific* when addressing Victor Von Doom.

Take it easy, chief... hail to the king... whatever!



Hmmm. Acceptable, I suppose. I will allow you to *live*.

Jackson.

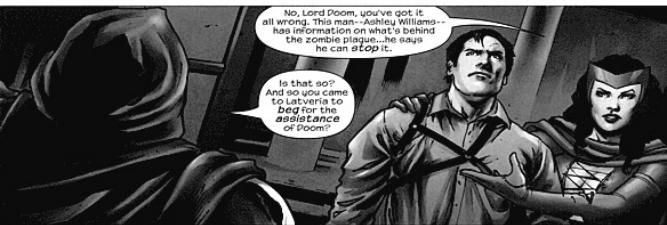
What? You know, I was convinced Ash was going to say something stupid and we were going to have to *fight*.

Stupid, you mean.



My dear Miss Maximoff... you know the Scarlet Witch is always a welcome guest in Castle Doomshadt... and Pazzler as well... under *any* circumstance...

...but that does not give you license to drag in whatever riffraff you see fit.



No, Lord Doom, you've got it all wrong. This man--Ashley Williams--has information on what's behind the zombie plague...he says he can *stop* it.

Is that so? And so you came to Latveria to *beg* for the assistance of Doom?



As *if*, buddy! We just need access to your library and the weird magic books in your collection of supernatural crapola.

Five minutes alone with the *Necronomicon* and I'll have this zombie business *completely* sorted out.



The Necronomicon has **nothing** to do with what is happening outside the secured walls of Boomshadt.

The origin is extraterrestrial, not supernatural.



It is a pan-dimensional virus, a cosmic contagion.

Science, not sorcery, will be the key to putting an end to it.



Please, Doom. You have to let us try. Let us at least *see* the Necronomicon.

No. You would just be wasting your time.



And you've *already* wasted enough of mine.

Escort him below. Put him in the holding cells... with the *others*.



FWAM
I don't think so! Get your rusty mitts off me, ya overgrown waffle irons!

You bozos don't have the slightest idea who you're messing with. I've taken on entire *armies* of *Peadites* single-handedly-- you think I'm gonna be stopped by a couple of glorified wind-up toys?

You're just lucky they confiscated my boomstick, or I'd be sending you to that great Betamax pile in the sky.

CRKKK

ENOUGH!





"Goliath,
sir."

"We've repelled the other
attackers with Poombots
and Poomjets."

"So far our force field
is holding, but the giant
shows no sign of relenting
his offensive."





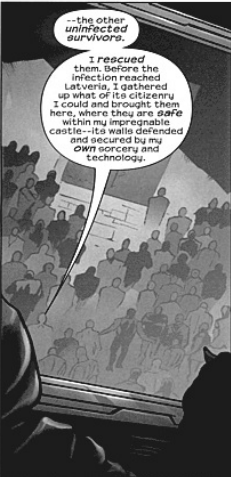


There.
And now...



He is the key to *nothing*-- and I *have* taken mercy on him.

As I said, he is to be locked below with the *others*--



--the other
uninfected
survivors.

I rescued
them. Before the
infection reached
Latveria, I gathered
up what of its citizenry
I could and brought them
here, where they are *safe*
within my impregnable
castle--its walls defended
and secured by my
OWN sorcery and
technology.



Ironic, isn't it?
How long have I endured
the slander of the erroneous
label of "super-villain," when in
fact it would be I--*Doom*--who
would ultimately turn out to
be humanity's savior--and
perhaps its greatest
hero?



But, Victor...wh-where are
the children? Where are the
elderly? I see only people in
good health, and they
seem to all be--

Of breeding age?
You are correct. Humanity
is to be *strong* if it is to
continue. When I rescued,
I rescued *selectively*.



Hmph...
some "hero."

Yo, Poom!
Time's a'wastin'!
Lemme out
of here!



You want
to talk of
heroes, Miss
Blaire?

Who do you
think *hastened*
humanity's
decline?



None other than my old foe **Reed Richards**. Your "do-gooder" leader of the so-called Fantastic Four.

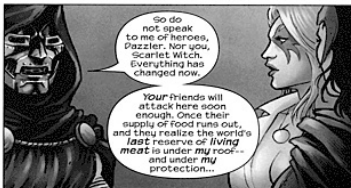


Did you know he infected himself **on purpose**?

Convinced he was **elevating** himself into a higher, more efficient life form, he **first** infected the other members of his ludicrous quartet, so they could in turn spread it to him.



And then they **all** could pass it on to **others**.



So do not speak to me of heroes, Pazzler. Nor you, Scarlet Witch. Everything has changed now.

Your friends will attack here soon enough. Once their supply of food runs out, and they realize the world's **last** reserve of living **meat** is under **my** roof... and under **my** protection...



In the meantime, come with me, and I shall show you the **hospitality** room extends to those with his **welcome**.

Hours later...



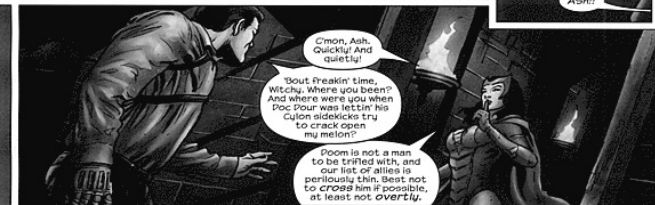
mumble
grumble

What I *really*
needed to build
into my robot
hand was a *lock*
pick.

Pssst...
Ash!

Then I coulda
busted out of this
place, gone back to that
tin-plated turant, and
lodged my steel-toed
boot right up his
sterling silver--

ASH!!



C'mon, Ash.
Quickly! And
quietly!

'Bout freakin' time,
Witchy. Where you been?
And where were you when
Doc Dour was lettin' his
Cylon sidekicks try
to crack open
my melon?

Doom is not a man
to be trifled with, and
our list of allies is
perilously thin. Best not
to *cross* him if possible,
at least not *overtly*.



We're on our fifth dinner course,
Pazzler's on her second carafe of
shiraz, and Doom's regaled us with
more stories about his untold
greatness than I can possibly
count.

I excused myself
to the little *mutants'*
room, and hopefully Victor's
too wrapped up in his latest
story to notice how *long*
I've been gone.



Nice plan,
if it woulda
worked.

Intruder
alert! Intruder
alert!

But it looks
like all you did
was pull me out
of the frying
pan--





Soon.



Good evening, my lord.



Away with you, lackey. Master needs some me-time in the ol' book barn.

The arcane athenaeum?

Take a hike, tin britches!

Yes, lord.



Hmm...Neco... Necro...aha!

There you are!



The Necronomicon.

Dooms... What is this?

Something about you... seems different.



Oh...ya think?!!

The
Chosen
One!!

Yeah, one
and the same,
pal, but you can
just call me "Ash."
Long time
no see.

I got your
message. That old
biddy you sent to me.
"The world will die, and
an army of the dead
will rise." Isn't *that*
what she said?

Well...you're
gonna explain how
you *started* all this,
and then you're
gonna explain how
to *stop* it.

Within me is
a power almost
unfathomable to one
such as yourself, and
yet, you seek to
compel information
from me with crude
threats.

To use your
own clumsy
verbiage: "Or
what?"



Or you're
gonna suck
laser
blast.



Very well, Williams. I will tell you the *truth*, if only because it *amuses* me to do so. The Neutronium played no part in the zombie plague that's destroying the world.

What???

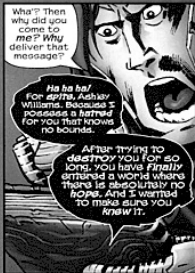
The origin is *extraterrestrial*, not supernatural. The infected may be dead, but they are certainly *not* undead.

The undead is my domain. I could *not* assist you... even if I *desired* to.



B-b-but...what about what you *said*? "The world will die, and an army of the dead will rise."

Indeed, it *is* so. But one thing does *not* have anything to do with this other. This world *will* die, and an army of the dead *will* rise. The particulars of the prophecy are clear in that respect, though the rest is *obscure*.



What? Then why did you come to *me*? Why deliver that message?

ha ha ha! For *apita*, Ashley Williams. Because I possess a hatred for you that knows no bounds.

After trying to destroy you for so long, you have *finally* earned a world where there is *absolutely* no *hope*. And I wanted to make sure you *knew* it.



Face it, tiger...you *crapped* out!

HAHAHAHAHA...



Time is running out,
Doom, for you...and the
rest of the world.



Would you shut
up back there...I
know time is running
out, and I *know* the
world is doomed, so
just put a damn
cork in--



Huh???





Who
the hell
are you?

You--you
are not Doom. What
are you *doing* here,
attired as
such?

Sorry, sugar--tush.
I dig the *Caged Heat*
vibe you got goin',
but you're forgetting the
rules--guys on the *Outside*
of the cage asks the
questions,
comprende?

So give it up--
what's your handle?
An' what'd ya do to
get thrown in
the clink?

My name is Amora,
though they call me the
Enchantress.

Hmm,
couldn't
imagine
why.

I am *here*
because I am
a threat to
Doom.

I come from
another world,
and Doom fears my
power and what I
am capable of
doing.

Join the club,
sister. This sounds
awfully damn familiar.
Guy tried to do the
'xact same thing
to yours truly.

You are *not*
a friend to Doom?
Perhaps...

...perhaps
we should *join*
forces?

Soon

This castle is supposed to be *secure* from the zombies. Once we give Poom the heave-ho, this might be a nice place for the human race to spend its end days.

Maybe even get to work on *repopulating* the human race--if you catch my drift?

C'mon, dollface. I got a couple other ladyfriends we can recruit for our little rebellion. Maybe even enlist some of those Latverian *refugees* to help us.

"Refugees"? You mean... *uninfected* humans?

Sure thing. *Pozens* of 'em. Maybe hundreds. Enough of 'em to give us a fighting chance against Poom. But we'll need *firepower* to bust 'em out.

You might come in handy for that. Say, what *is* your super power, anyway, Enchantress?

ASH!!

Ash!

Oh. My. God!

What have you *done*?

Take it easy, ladies! No need for jealousy. Plenty of oil! Ash to go around.

Hot babe rescuin' is just *one* of my many talents. You should have figured that out by now--



--I've
always been
a sucker for
a pretty
face.

TO BE CONCLUDED!